

10367 97th Street. Phone 48

SOLVING STEERING PROBLEM IS BEING MADE EASIER EACH YEAR BY BETTER MECHANISM

"Kicking" by the General Motor Public Has Contributed Largely to the Efficiency of the Modern Car—Steering Principles of Most Makes of Cars the Same—Wheels Must Be Properly Aligned

The general motor public has contributed largely to the efficiency of the modern car simply by "kicking." Says Ralph De Palma, in the Chicago Herald. "Wherever there has been a part of the mechanism that has not been sufficiently efficient, the general motor public has voted their disapproval of it in no uncertain terms. Then the engineers and manufacturers have set about remedying the defect, and sooner or later have succeeded in producing a car that was efficient enough to 'get by' with the motor public."

Certain parts of the mechanism, however, have escaped criticism, and have remained perfect, but simply because car owners generally did not realize the need for improvement. It is a rather remarkable fact that to the steering mechanism of a car should be one of these neglected parts of the mechanical equipment, and that it is.

A SLUGGISH LIVER CAUSES LOTS OF TROUBLE

When the liver becomes sluggish it is an indication that the bowels are not working properly, and that it is not more regular, many complications are liable to set in.

Constipation, sick headache, bilious headache, dizziness, heartburn, water-brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc., all come from a disordered liver.

Milburn's Liver-Pile Pills are a specific for all diseases or disorders arising from a slow, sluggish, lazy or torpid liver, and they have been used for over 20 years with the greatest success.

Mrs. W. A. Harrison, 7 Maple Grove, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I took your famous Liver-Pile Pills, and they did great good. I have received by using Milburn's Liver-Pile Pills, a cure of my sluggish liver. When my liver got bad I would have severe headache, but after using a couple of vials of your pills, I have not been bothered any more."

Milburn's Liver-Pile Pills are 25c a vial at all druggists. Write for a free receipt of price by The T. J. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

As Your Battery Reaches the End of Its Life

For the work it will have to do this Spring? Better be on the safe side, bring it in to us for inspection and overhauling. We will put it in good shape to do the work you expect of it.

The Motor Car Supply Co. Ltd.
1023 Jasper Ave. (Corona Hotel Block).

Facts About Franklin Cars

FRANKLINS will not freeze.
FRANKLIN Direct Air Cooling did away with 177 water-cooling parts.
FRANKLIN Flexible Construction did away with torque rods and reach rods and gave the FRANKLIN the lightest unsprung weight ever attained.
FRANKLIN owners give the tire-mileage of 215 Franklin Cars well over Ten Thousand Miles to the set of tires.
FRANKLIN cars have won every prominent official economy test ever conducted.
FRANKLIN Cars today, as for fifteen years, stand as the most practical, efficient and economical fine car in America.
That if All Cars were as efficient as the FRANKLIN, America could save Four Hundred Million Gallons of Gasoline and \$192,000,000 worth of tires every year without cutting one mile off the stupendous motor-car mileage of the United States.

Full details on request and demonstrations given by appointment.

FRANKLIN MOTOR SALES

10321 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton. Phone 5354.

How to Prevent Motor Accidents

These suggestions, taken from a handbook issued jointly by a number of concern writing automobile insurance, are based on experience in handling thousands of automobile accident and damage claims: Don't drive fast with a tire that is worn between the tread and the curb. Don't put your spotlight to blind the drivers of approaching cars. Put whatever alcohol you use in the radiator.

Don't drive your brakes as you would a car. Turn your front wheels toward the curb if you leave your car on the incline.

Save for the pedestrian who tries to cross the street ahead of you after you have received the traffic officer's signal to go ahead.

When being towed or towed another car, don't hurry. Take corners slowly and look out for pedestrians who may try to cross between the cars, not observing the low rope.

Stop as far as possible from the travelled portion when necessary to make repairs or tire changes on the road.

If working on the left or right side of a car exercise extreme care. If forced to stop at night, never permit anything or any one to stand so as to hide the tail light from the view of approaching drivers.

If you are driving, don't try to talk to persons in the house.

Don't run the motor in a closed garage. The carbon monoxide in exhaust gases is odorous and colorless, yet a small percentage of it in the air is fatal.

Don't park your car, leaving headlight undimmed. But be sure to see that all lights are burning at night.

Don't allow children to drive.

Women should not be permitted to drive alone until they have become experienced operators.

Install a good non-glare device in lights, and keep your lights adjusted.

Don't park your car in the middle of the street or in the way of other drivers.

It is imperative to do so before.

Many manufacturers in addition to fitting and galling the front wheels with the whole front end or its ends.

This may be caused by the chronic case of hard steering by simply turning the wheel back and forth.

When the knuckles are fitted back in the way described, not only will the steering be improved, but the wheels will be noticeably quicker.

Returning to the straight path after making a turn in fact, this operation will be almost automatic.

Keep knuckles lubricated.

In all steering systems an adjustment of the wheel is necessary to give the steering the proper amount of resistance.

While it may not be generally understood, this adjustment is of great importance in all steering systems.

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England Gets Maxwell Cars For Duty In The War Front, Agent Says

"England has accepted 400 Maxwell cars for duty in the war front, Agent says."

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EXPERT TELLS HOW TO CHECK SQUEAKING OF AUTOMOBILES

Method of Locating and Removing Causes is Explained by Head of New York Automobile School—It is a Symptom of Neglect, and the Car Goes Properly at Every Sway and Turn

"One of the most annoying troubles of an automobile is that constant squeak that cannot be located."

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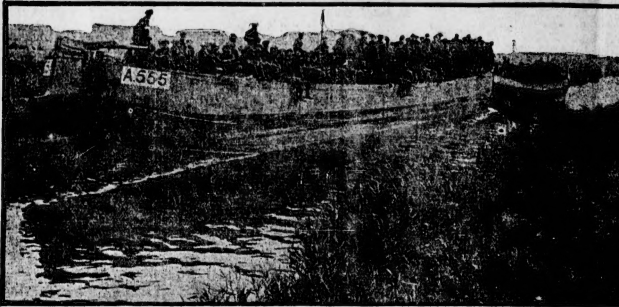
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Bulletin's Pictorial Review of Events of the Week

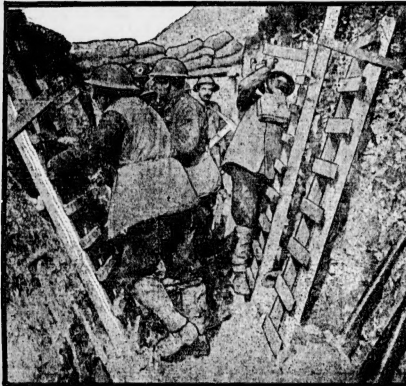
BRITISH TROOPS IN ITALY - TO FRONT IN BARGES



British troops going to the battle area in barges on a canal.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



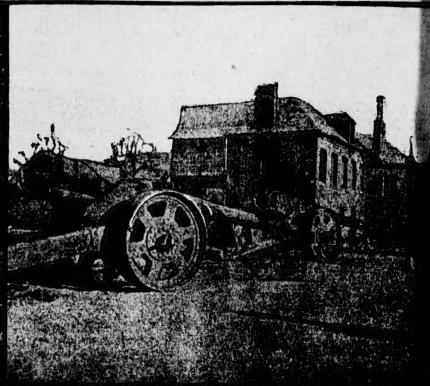
Photo from Palestine—Australian field ambulances.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



Fixing scaling ladders preliminary to a raid on western front.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



A blind lady being rescued from a village which is being bombed by British.
—Photo by courtesy of C. P. R.



Two of our big guns waiting to be moved forward.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



British troops in Italy.—Troops on the march from the station.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



British planes about to start off on a patrol.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

Ground Taken From The Germans—A Reserve Line Road



On the Cambrai Front.—Some of the inhabitants being rescued in ambulances.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.



A Scene on What Was German Ground.—Pack horses, cavalry and motor machine guns in reserve.
—Photo by Courtesy of C. P. R.

BIRD HOUSES

Technical drawing of a wooden house showing a side elevation and a front elevation. The side elevation on the left shows a structure with a 4' wide base and a 2' high section. The front elevation on the right shows a house with a 6' wide base, a 4' high section, and a 2' high section. A circular window is shown in the front elevation. Dimensions are given in feet and inches.


SIZE	PERCH	HEIGHT
6x8 1/2	BELONG HOOK TO 10 1/2	
4x4 1/2	LONG	6 TO 20
6x7 1/2	WIDE	6 TO 15

Olrie grab Samken's hand and said, "Too—can't!"

Her eyes looking toward the door, she said, "George only just said it was hard to know that if the door went down under the ice, digging their skins out would be now moving back to the breaking through the ice."

"Lie flat," said George, for he had seen the man lying flat and holding a person as he was.

Grace was pulled on to the harem
"O-Georgies!"
you're a hero!"
They hustled



"Oh—Somebody—Help!"

the old man waded through the ice. "Oh—somebody—help!" he called. "I had read or heard. He broom. I get behind me Indian " "Oh easy and don't and fall through!" he quickly obeyed as they tended to ask questions.

the old man waded through the blankets before he raced home to with his bucket. Meanwhile the old man, looked at George as if stranger.

George told us he went home, but he began to hug Ann. Well, well! At school Teacher told about George's letter. He had risked kept such a cool was made a hero. George called to that he didn't go good somehow. went by. That awful call. I think it's queer good if you're

Special Extra Vote Offer Closes Midnight Monday, Mar. 4th

A		E		M		S	
Mrs. V. Adams, 10508 105th St., Edmonton.	51,000	Miss Christine Earl, 11632 86th St., Edm.	91,000	Miss Allison Magee, Hawt., Alta.	61,000	Mr. I. Sahler, "The Smoke Shop," Jasper	31,000
Miss Martha Arner, Gadsby, Alta.	21,000	Mr. Roy Edgar, 10810 95th St., Edmonton.	184,000	Mr. W. L. McRae, Athabasca Landing	48,000	Mrs. Frank L. Secor, Red Deer, Alta.	2,800
Mr. A. E. Austin, Mannville, Alta.	5,000	Mr. E. Ede, Glenview, Alta.	15,000	Mr. Neville Marshall, 21 Duane Vista Ave., Edmonton.	5,000	Mr. Herman Seigel, Minniscoll, Alta.	7,700
B		Mr. Robt. English, 12510 108th St., Edm.	18,000	Miss Ada Martin, Sedgewick	25,000	Mrs. James Shaw, Foreburg, Alta.	54,000
Mr. Paul Bauer, Mundare, Alta.	30,000	F		Mr. Almon Mercer, 9345 108th Ave., Edm.	7,000	Mr. F. Shiers, Brudenell, Alta.	132,000
Mr. Ed. Blair, Delburne	28,000	Miss Esther Falkenberg, 5531 Campton Ave., City	114,000	Mr. W. May, 9823 82nd Ave., Edmonton.	8,800	Miss Florence Smart, 10217 86th St., Edm.	103,000
Mrs. Emily Brecher, Square Grove Centre, Alta.	56,000	Miss Lena Farbridge, Clair, Alta.	122,000	Mr. W. J. McNaught, Totterd, Alta.	5,000	Miss Ruth Stone, Yorkton, Alta.	9,800
Mr. Frank Herster, Highway Centre, Alta.	9,000	Mr. Alex. Farquharson, Bayland, Alta.	99,000	Miss Emma Miller, Badawak, Alta.	60,000	Miss Babe Steele, 2621 110th Ave., Edm.	67,000
Mr. C. N. Hrisbie, Holden, Alta.	5,000	Mr. S. J. Farrell, Holden, Alta.	12,000	Mrs. E. Morehouse, 11153 64th Street, Edm.	5,000	Mr. Douglas K. Striving, Calgary, Alta.	31,000
Miss Alice Brown, Tomahawk, Alta.	38,000	Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Seaside, Alta.	87,000	Miss Margaret Macdonnell, 9910 106th St., Edm.	12,000	Miss Anna "Sandberg," Alta., Alta.	18,000
Mr. Alex. Brown, Holden, Alta.	22,000	G		Mr. A. C. MacGillivray, 10847 8th St., Edm.	149,000	Mr. Albert Sandquist, Westley, Alta.	49,000
Mrs. Danny, Yorkton, Alta.	28,000	Mr. Mike Glasky, Spirit River, Alta.	5,000	Miss Susie McCormack, 9157 Jasper Ave., Edm.	41,000	Mr. Frank Thompson, Mannville, Alta.	110,000
Miss Mary Bell, Nampa, Alta.	53,000	Mr. H. Ganton, Vermilion, Alta.	33,000	Miss McNab, Fern Creek, Alta.	5,000	Mrs. A. J. Thorpe, Totterd, Alta.	4,000
Mrs. Geo. Beart, Suite 311, Dawson Court, Edm.	5,000	Mrs. Arthur Garber, Ardrossan, Alta.	40,000	Mrs. B. O. Seckler, Leduc, Alta.	47,000	Mr. I. G. Thomas, 9635 109th Ave., Edm.	4,000
Mr. D. Boyaner, 10236 119th St., Edm.	109,000	Miss Louie Grefer, Bayland, Alta.	78,000	Mr. W. A. McKernie, Westsaskatoon	5,000	Mr. Clarence Tynich, Viking, Alta.	28,000
Miss Lena Boyles, Lac la Piche Station, Alta.	167,000	Mr. Kenneth Gibbs, Kiltam, Alta.	11,800	Mr. Sud Munford, Holden, Alta.	9,500	Miss Esther Valkenberg, Mithurst, Alta.	28,000
Mr. Gauder Brockie, Principal Public School, Ryley, Alta.	164,000	Mr. Wm. Glick, 1064 Street, Edmonton.	5,000	Miss Jean McMillan, 9145 78th Ave., Edm.	15,000	Mr. A. Vesting, Estabrook, Alta.	9,000
Mrs. Butler, Stettler	5,000	Mr. C. M. Groat, Sunnyside, Alta.	29,000	Miss Minnie Mcker, Red Deer, Alta.	19,000	Mrs. Velette, Vilett, Alta.	9,000
C		Miss Hamilton, Burdville, Alta.	49,000	N		W	
Mr. I. E. Carmichael, Holden, Alta.	30,000	Mr. Alexander Hawkins, 11817 76th St., Edm.	27,000	Mrs. John Y. Nicol, Maitland, Sask.	14,000	Mr. Andrew Walker, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.	19,800
Mr. Stanley Carson, Chevrolet Garage, Weiskinville	11,000	Mrs. Robert Hockley, Brako Mines, Alta.	26,000	Mrs. E. Nieneyer, Lac la Piche, Alta.	3,000	Mr. George Walker, 2620 101th Ave., Edm.	62,800
Mr. Joe Christian, Huxleyville, Alta.	78,000	Mr. W. G. Hornbush, Lashburn, Alta.	37,000	Mrs. D. O'Brien, 9746 11th St., Edmonton	187,000	Mrs. W. A. Weir, 11822 96th St., Edm.	9,000
Miss O. Chandler, Vegreville, Alta.	28,000	J		Miss Blanche O'Connor, Provost, Alta.	36,000	Mr. Joe Walker, 11822 96th St., Edm.	9,000
Miss Pearl Cleland, Halcourt	18,000	Miss Olga Jasechuk, 9717 100th St., Edm.	7,000	Miss C. Paillois, Stony Plain, Alta.	8,800	Mr. John Walmark, Kelliker, Sask.	17,000
Mrs. Joe Colquhoun, St. Albert, Alta.	22,000	Mr. Walter Jowage, Lamont, Alta.	79,000	Miss Helen Paton, 11622 97th St., Edm.	27,000	Mr. Edna Ward, 11822 96th St., Edm.	9,000
Miss Clara Combs, Rocky Rapids, Alta.	10,000	Mr. H. M. Jolin, 9361 St., Edmonton.	162,000	Mr. Wm. Potters, Edmonton	5,000	Miss Julia Washburn, 10540 124th St., Edm.	91,000
Mrs. Roy S. Cook, 9840 92nd Ave., Edm.	175,000	K		Mrs. Wm. Rogers, 8237 86th Ave., Edm.	84,000	Mr. Lloyd Weston, 11822 96th St., Edm.	9,000
Mr. Jacob Clifton, Veteran, Alta.	41,000	Mr. Wm. Kelly, Stony Plain, Alta.	8,000	Miss Anna Rod, 10908 4th Ave., Edm.	5,000	Mr. W. J. Wilson, H.H. No. 2, Weiskinville, Alta.	21,000
D		Mr. Mary Kitchen, Hamby, Alta.	26,000	Mrs. B. H. Reed, C.P.R. Block, Edmonton	27,000	Mr. C. W. Woodhouse, 11319 101th Ave., Edm.	12,000
Mr. G. H. Davis, 311 Gibson Block, Edm.	9,000	Mr. Wm. Kuitinen, Thorburn, Alta.	29,000	Miss Anna Rod, 10908 4th Ave., Edm.	5,000	Mr. Edna Wright, Mikes Clear Store, Edm.	9,800
Mrs. Charlotte Dawe, 10428, 11818 St., Edm.	58,000	Mr. G. P. Kuitinen, 12146 86th St., Edm.	110,000	Mrs. B. H. Reed, C.P.R. Block, Edmonton	27,000	Mrs. Thos. Young, 4611 118th Ave., Edm.	16,800
Mrs. Lillie Dechene, 11115 101st St., Edm.	11,000	Mr. H. P. Latimer, 10822 76th Ave., Edm.	17,000	Mr. John Mac, 9840 92nd Ave., Edm.	51,000	Mrs. Wm. Young, Heimlich Block, Edm.	9,000
Miss Vera Dechene, Weiskinville	5,000	Mr. E. E. C. Langhaug, 10822 76th Ave., Edm.	10,800	Mr. Howard Ray, 5414 103rd Ave., Edm.	48,000	Y	
Mr. Chas. Dobson, c/o Car Barn, Edmonton	68,000	Miss Hazel Lee, Prince Albert, Alta.	5,000	Mrs. B. H. Reed, C.P.R. Block, Edmonton	27,000		
Miss Vera Durbin, Golden Spike, Alta.	123,000	Mr. E. Lindemose, City, Alta.	5,000	Mr. C. A. Hogg, 10822 76th Ave., Edm.	26,000		
Mr. Robert Dundas, Edmonton	24,000	Mr. A. H. Liversidge, Weiskinville, Alta.	5,000	Mr. W. A. Hogg, 10822 76th Ave., Edm.	62,000		
Mr. Chas. Dyken, 9254 108th St., Edmonton	24,000	L		Miss Helen Ross, 8405 101st St., Edmonton	54,000		
				Mrs. T. Ross, 10822 76th Ave., Edm.	7,900		

**Your
Candidate
Needs
Your
Support**

50,000 Extra Votes

Have you given your Favorite Candidate Your Subscription to The Bulletin yet?

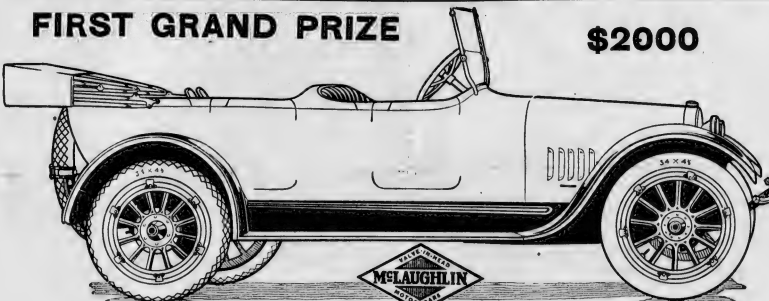
It may be the very one he or she needs to win one of the Automobiles.

HOW TO SECURE 50,000 Extra Votes

50,000 extra votes will be given for each and every \$15 worth of new subscriptions to The Bulletin turned in by the candidates up to midnight, March 4. These extra votes will be given in addition to the regular schedule in force. It is not necessary to bring or send in your subscription as you secure them, and as soon as you have turned in \$15 worth we will then issue you your EXTRA 50,000 vote ballot. There is no limit to the number of EXTRA vote ballots that any candidate may secure — one will be given for \$15 worth of new subscriptions, two for \$30, etc.

FIRST GRAND PRIZE

\$2000



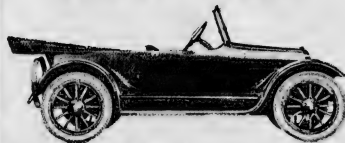
McLaughlin 45-6 Cylinder "Special-Special"—Now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton. This costly touring car will be given to the candidate securing the greatest number of votes irrespective of districts. The winner of this grand prize will be given \$300 in cash to be donated to some patriotic organization in his or her district.

HOW TO SECURE 25,000 Extra Votes

25,000 extra votes will be given for each and every \$15 worth of back subscriptions and renewals to The Bulletin turned in by the candidates up to midnight, March 4. These extra votes will be given in addition to the regular schedule in force. Bring or send in your collections as you secure them, and as soon as you have turned in \$15 we will then issue you your EXTRA 25,000 vote ballot. There is no limit to the number of EXTRA vote ballots that any candidate may secure — one will be given for \$15 worth of old subscriptions, two for \$30, etc.

28 COSTLY PRIZES

Second Grand Prize \$1215 Model 90 Overland Touring Car



Now on exhibition at E. C. May & Co., Jasper Ave., Edmonton.

6 WHITE ROTARY SEWING MACHINES



**Costing
\$462**

Now on exhibition at the White Sewing Machine Co., Williamson Block, Jasper East.

THIRD GRAND PRIZE

\$1200 McLaughlin 5 Passenger Touring Car

This car is now on exhibition at the McLaughlin Show Rooms, 104th Street, Edmonton.

Nomination Blank

GOOD FOR 5,000 VOTES. NOMINATE YOURSELF OR A FRIEND

PRIZE CONTEST DEPARTMENT OF
THE EDMONTON BULLETIN,
9975 Jasper Avenue.

Gentlemen,—I hereby nominate as a candidate in your Automobile Prize Contest:

Name

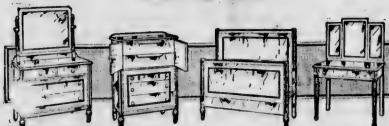
Address

Nominated by

Address

NOTE:—only one nomination blank will be accepted for any one candidate.

One of the Bedroom Sets Costing \$135



This bedroom set is now on exhibition at Blowsy-Henry's.

CUT OUT NEATLY The Bulletin's Big Automobile Prize Contest

Good for 100 Votes

FOR
ADDRESS

This Coupon, when neatly cut out and brought or mailed to the Contest Department of The Bulletin, will count for the person whose name is written therein.

The Edmonton Bulletin Map

Of the Battle Front in France

SECTION THREE.

SECTION THREE.

The Bulletin presents to its readers today the third section of a remarkably accurate map of the Battle Front in France. The last section will appear in next Saturday's issues of The Bulletin. The complete map should be in every home, for it gives an accurate representation of the western front. The map when complete will cover the entire battle line from the North Sea to the Swiss border. Every soldier will need a map to follow the movements of the allied forces. Money cannot buy one better than that given FREE to readers of The Bulletin.



Directions:

If a wall map is desired follow these instructions: Section 1—Do not trim. Section 2—Cut off upper margin on a straight line, close to the edge of the map, being careful not to mutilate the map. Section 3—Cut off the upper margin, also the margin to the left. Section 4—Cut off the margin. Then fit the sections together and fasten with paste applied to untrimmed margins. Before pasting be sure that sections line up the map correctly. The map is accurate and the sections when joined will fit exactly.

The Bulletin Magazine

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1918.

FICTION MAGAZINE



gravity. "Haven't we, though?" she asserted simply. . . .

"Why, no, it won't break his heart, Mr. Fox. I think he'll even be a little relieved to be able to go on serenely with the Peppers and the Rogerses. He's having lovely times there!"

"Oh, if his mother had lived, of course I should have written to her; but I knew you were a very busy man, Mr. Fox. Tony hardly ever speaks of his Aunt Fanny. She's a great club woman, I know. So I had to do the best I could."

"Why, I didn't think much about it, I suppose. But I certainly should have said that Tony's father was more than 43!"

"Ye-es, I suppose it might. But—but what a funny subject for us to get on! I suppose—look at that white hen coming in, Mr. Fox! She's my prize winner. Isn't she a beauty?"

"Yes, indeed, he's all of that, dear old Tony! And then, as I say, he reminded me of—of that other, you know, years ago. I was only 19, hardly more than a child, but the memory is very sweet, and it made me want to be a good friend to Tony!"

"There's the 6 o'clock bell, and you're all but free! Now I'll let you out by this door, on the street side, and you can find your hotel! Then, when you call this evening, we needn't say anything of this. It hasn't been such a long afternoon, has it?"

Just after dinner, as Miss Mix and her youthful fiancé were sitting on the porch in the spring twilight, a visitor entered the garden from the street. At sight of him the boy sprang to his feet with a cry of "Dad!"

Miss Mix was introduced, and, to young Tony's delight, she and his father chatted as comfortably as old friends. Presently, when Jerry Billings appeared with an invitation for the lady to accompany him to the postoffice for possible mail, father and son were left alone together.

Young Anthony beamed at his father's praise of his choice, but his comments seemed to come more easily on other matters. He told his father of the Rogers boys, of the Pepper girls, and of tennis and theatricals, and spoke hopefully of a possible camping trip with these friends.

"When did you think of announcing your engagement, Bud?"

The boy shifted in his chair and laughed uneasily.

"Sally doesn't want to," he temporized, adding shyly, after a minute's silence,

"and I didn't think you'd be in any hurry, dad!"

"But look here, son, you wrote that you planned being married in June!"

There was a pause. Then the boy said: "I did think so, but now I don't see how we can. Sally sees that, too. I can't get married until I have a good job, and I've got another year here. We don't want to tell every one and then have to wait two or three years, do we, sir?"

"H-m!" said his father. "And yet you don't want to ask me to support you and your wife for indefinite years, Bud?"

Bud squeezed his father's hand.

"I'll never ask you to do that!" he promised promptly.

A WEEK drifted pleasantly over the college town, and still no step had been taken in the matter that had carried Anthony Fox over so many weary miles of country. If business matters in the eastern city gave him any concern, he gave no sign of it to young Anthony or Sally, seeming entirely content with the passing moment.

The three were constantly together, except when the boy was in the classroom. During these intervals Miss Mix piloted her friend's father over lovely Palo Alto; they visited museum and library together, took drives and walks. One long evening was spent at the Peppers', where young Anthony was the center of a buzzing and hilarious group, and where Sally, with her black evening gown and her violin, presented an entirely new phase.

On the evening of a certain glorious day, to young Anthony, sitting in silence on the porch steps, came Sally, who seated herself beside him.

"Tony," said she firmly, "what have we decided about our engagement?"

Young Anthony eyed her expectantly, almost nervously, but he did not speak.

"We must either announce it or not announce it, Tony!"

"Why, you see, Sally," said Anthony after a pause, "I wanted to, a while back, but—"

"I know you did," she said heartily to his great relief.

"But now," he pursued slowly, "it would look pretty funny to the Rogerses, and the Peppers, and all, you know. Just now, I mean. I've been up there all the time, right in things, and I've never said a word—"

"Well, well!" said a voice behind them; and to the unspeakable confusion of both, Jerry Billings rose from a porch chair and came down to them.

"I couldn't help hearing," explained that gentleman joyously. "I was there first. I wish you joy, children. Miss Sally, here's my best wishes! I never dreamed you two—and yet I knew something had brought father all the way from New York. But I never dreamed of this! This ought to land me the Star job, all right! Hasn't that occurred to either of you? Why, nobody has turned in anything to touch it!" He looked at his watch. "I had better be getting down there, too," he said excitedly. "Tomorrow's the 1st of May, by George! and the paper goes to press at 11. And there I've been sitting, cursing my luck for an hour! Here goes!"

"Look here, Jerry," began Sally and Anthony together; "look here—"

"You mean you don't want it announced?" said Mr. Billings blankly. A pained look clouded the radiance of his face. "Isn't it true?"

"We don't wish it announced yet," said Sally feebly, as Anthony was silent.

"I call that pretty mean!" ejaculated Mr. Billings after a pause. "It's true," he went on aggrievedly. "I landed it—every old woman in town will be on to it in a few weeks—it's a corking job for me—every one's wondering what Mr. Fox is doing here—and now you two hang back, just because you've not had time to tell your friends! Aw, be sports," he said ingratiatingly. "Please, Miss Sally! I'd do as much for you two. You know I may not be able to make it at all next year if I haven't a job! I can have it, can't I? I get it, don't I, Tony? What do you two care—you've got what you want—"

"Oh, take your scoop!" half groaned young Anthony Fox.

Sally began to laugh, but it was curiously shaken laughter. Mr. Billings wisely seized this moment for a rapid departure. Mr. Fox, coming to the door a moment later, found the others silent on the steps.

"Now we are in for it!" said Sally ruefully, as they made room for him between them. "What shall we do? Jerry's got it for the Star—we couldn't lie about it! And oh, we can't have it in print tomorrow! Can you—can't you stop it?"

"Too late now!" said young Anthony, with a bad attempt at unconcern.

"Tell me what happened," said his father.

The recent developments were rapidly reviewed, and then Sally, removing herself and her wide-spreading ruffles to young Anthony's side of the steps, so that she might from time to time give his hand an affectionate and enlightening

squeeze, confessed the deception of her engagement to him, and, with her blue eyes very close to his, asked him meekly to forgive her.

Young Anthony's forgiveness was a compound of boyish hurt and undisguised relief. It is probable that at no moment of their friendship had she seemed more dear to him.

"But—there's Jerry!" said Sally suddenly, smitten with unpleasant recollection in the midst of this harmonious readjustment. "He—he heard, you know. And we can't deny that, and it means so much to him! He'll have told Watts by this time, and Watts will run it anyway—newspaper editors are such beasts about those things!"

And again she and young Anthony drooped, and clung to each other's hands.

"I have been thinking," said the other Anthony slowly, "that I see a way out of this. I hope I see one! I'd like—I'd like to discuss it with Miss Sally. If you'll just step down to the—the chicken yard, Bud, for five minutes, say. We'll call you. And it's just possible that we can—can arrange matters."

HALF an hour later Jerry Billings, who was reveling in the overheated atmosphere of the newspaper's local-room, approached the city editor's desk.

"Say, about that engagement of young Fox, Mr. Watts," he began, grinning.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" said the editor sharply.

"Nothing's the matter with it," said Jerry, "only it's better than I thought! It's—it's old Fox that Miss Mix is going to marry! Old A. F. himself!"

"Who said so?" snapped the other, suddenly alert.

"Fox did."

"Fox?"

"Yes, sir. He just telephoned. Gave me the whole thing. Said to get it straight."

The editor eyed him fixedly, with no change of expression.

"This is no jolly, Billings? It's Associated Press stuff if it's true, you know."

"Oh, it's true enough," said Jerry, trying not to leap into space.

"Well, we've got his picture—look it up!" said Mr. Watts calmly; but before Jerry turned away that infatuated reporter heard his superior take his telephone to call the make-up man.

"Hello, Frank!" said Watts gently. "Tell Williams to run that suffragette stuff on the third page. I've got a big story. I want a double cut and a column on the front!"

ORIGIN OF "CAMOUFLAGE"

THE war has already enriched the English language with many new words, among which the French noun "camouflage" is not the least. This new arrival on our literary shores has not yet become entirely acclimated, but shows even today promise of popularity and incorporation in our dictionaries. The word has not yet come into general use, but the newspapers have been playing it from both ends to the middle. There is no exact English equivalent for it, which really is not needed, for one can take the French word bodily and Anglicize it as much as he pleases. The main thing is to get a clear understanding of its origin and meaning, and this will be our present task.

"Camouflage" is not in good standing in French polite society, not so much, perhaps, on account of its plebeian origin but rather from the fact that it is decidedly slangy and had no place in French dictionaries. It is probable that its general use in the war will give it sufficient respectability to permit it to be associated with other words recognized in French lexicons, but this is not important on this side of the water. Therefore, look the word over and see what it is made of.

In order to understand the inner mean-

ing of a word one must get at the root of it by cutting off all useless appendages and ornamentations. If you eliminate the head and tail of "camouflage," or, as the grammarians pretentiously call them, the prefix and suffix, which in this case are "ca" and "age" respectively, we have "mouff" left. This is so ridiculously near the English word "muffle" that you will naturally wonder over your stupidity in having allowed the similarity to escape your notice. But having once recognized the kinship of "mouff" to our own "muffle," and knowing full well what muffle means, you can proudly say that you have arrived at the threshold of a fuller comprehension of its meaning. The writer doubts if we would ever have had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the word but for the war. It was really a mean trick on the part of the word, while we were looking for German plots and British victories, with our attention entirely diverted in another direction, to sneak over here on the quiet and impudently take its place in our most exclusive society of descendants from the Saxons conquerors.

In fact, the word is an impostor and was an impostor from the day of its birth. Not satisfied with trying to hide its German parentage by changing the simple German "muff" to "mouff," it

boldly bedecked itself with a French suffix and a Latin prefix, and in this "fix" gets recognition in France. In other words, camouflage is itself a camouflage—that is, a pretense, an imposture.

Let us now consider the prefix, suffix and root of the word in detail. The prefix "ca" is used in the place of "con," because ca-mouflage is easier to say than con-mouflage, just as we say collection instead of con-lection.

The French suffix "age" corresponds to our "age." It implies a collection of things, as an English prefix, but in French it has the sense of "a kind of." The word then would have the significance of "a kind of muffling up."

The French "mouff," meaning a mitten, comes from the German word "muff," which was even in use among the Teutonic Franks when they invaded Gaul, the present France. It was no fault of the word that it was transmogrified into mouffe and camouflage. The people of those days were rather reckless about their spelling and a few letters more or less in a word did not make any difference to them. In other words, they spelled exclusively "by ear," and each man by his particular auditory impressions.

The original root "muff," as well as

the words derived from it, convey the sense of "covering up," or "protecting." But a muff is a protection against the cold, while a camouflage is a protection against discovery, hence a deception.

Now that this fascinating word has been thoroughly analyzed, it will probably have a better standing in America and the hope may be entertained that, since the light of certainty has penetrated our befoggedness regarding it, the people will use it freely without gloves. The word is capable of being used in so many ways, both proper and improper, pertinent and impertinent, that there should be a large field for its usefulness. One may even expect to hear in the near future of political camouflage.

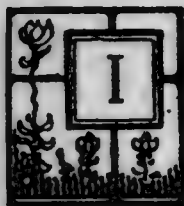
If It Had Been XX?

ONCE entered a London shop," said a collector of antiques. "In search of curios. The salesman eventually directed my attention to a very dilapidated chair. 'That there chair,' he informed me, 'was once the property of Louis Cross-eye.'

"Louis Cross-eye! I exclaimed. 'Why, man, I never heard of such a person.'

"Well, there was one, sir," said the salesman, and he pulled out a ticket marked 'Louis XI.'"

IN THE BROWNSTONE FRONT



IN THE silence—the stilling oppressive silence of a stricken house in a little frequented city cross-street—George Hackley lay dead in blood on his own hearth rug; and a spare,

iron-throated, worn-faced man knelt beside him, with eyes which strangely glistened.

Outside, the snow, which had stopped falling half an hour before, was recommencing with a few swirling flakes between the brownstone packing cases which lined the street. They were blank-eyed, close-mouthed, with their tightly shut windows and front doors. Like other packing cases, their appearance told nothing of what was within. Their contents might be happiness or misery, affluence or the poverty which aches prosperity, birth, marriage, life or—as here—murder. But they did not tell.

In the west window of the bay that looked out upon the entrance steps the canary hopped about. The sharp knocking of its claws against the wooden perch broke startlingly upon the silence. Suddenly its feathers fluffed; its head lifted; its throat and little body throbbled with mad joy in life, and it began to sing.

The sound seemed to arouse the man who knelt. He rose slowly and heavily. He crossed with an unsteady step to the west window. He stared, white cheeked, with tightly pressed lips and eyes that saw nothing. A thin stream of cold air from between the window sashes struck against his face. He did not note the contrast of its damp freshness with the sickening, strangely human odor that filled the room. He was impassioned, trembling with recollections of a friendship of forty years. His hands clenched tighter, and he bit hard upon his lip, stifling the crowding memories which increased his grief. Then he stepped quickly to the folding doors which separated this from the room behind, and shot the catch. He recrossed to the other door, into the hall, and felt that the key was on the inside. The glint had grown deeper, colder, in his eyes as he turned back once more to the man upon the rug.

♦ ♦ ♦

THEY had come, thirty years before, from the same silent, shady street of the same eventless village, to try together their fortunes among men. Three thirty years of struggle, of strained and exacting effort, had spelled success for both. During that time their friendship never once had been broken. It had sustained and strengthened both. It had been, for the first ten years at least, the one relief and solace for them, in their fight against circumstances.

There were hours when Dr. Renfrew had regretted keenly the hardships and fierceness of this struggle. It had hardened and narrowed both of them. He knew that he was looked upon as an unfeeling man. He had concurred, with a sort of bitter resentfulness, when called, as had happened more than once when giving evidence in court, a machine without human passions. Now, as he stood where Hackley lay murdered, choking down the storm of unwonted feelings that assailed him and thirsting for vengeance, he no longer regretted one hardship of those thirty years. He felt a fiercely exultant satisfaction in their every hour of effort, in their every privation, which had made him most fit of all men to bring the murderer to justice.

Dr. Renfrew, at 20, had been a stenographer in the department of police, while he studied medicine at night. At 25 he had been an ambulance surgeon. At 30 he had been coroner's physician. He was familiar with every circumstance of such events as this. He had seen many such contorted, silent bodies. At 50, now en-

By William MacHarg

CO-AUTHOR OF "LUTHER TRANT," "BLIND MAN'S EYES," ETC.

Illustrated by Henry Thiele

A criminologist, the old doctor knew the boy was innocent, yet circumstantial evidence was strong. How he solved the problem

gaged in private medical practice, he was one of the greatest living authorities on medical jurisprudence. His latest book, "Is It Murder?"—with its coldly intellectual, keenly scientific analysis of the physical and medical evidence in a thousand cases of violent death which he had personally observed—was already a textbook in the hands of lawyers and physicians; his word, pertaining to such evidence, and on the nature of wounds, had more weight with juries than that of any other American.

IN HIS passage about the disordered room Dr. Renfrew, in spite of his agitation, had disturbed nothing. He had not dislodged, in locking the folding doors, the armchair overturned against them. He had not stepped in blood when he crossed between the body and the fireplace. He had not fluttered from its position one of the scattered papers on the floor, dragged from the writing table by the dead man as he fell, which now lay with edges tipped with blood around and under him.

In any case he would have exercised this adroit care, which physically was almost automatic.

It was part of his professional morality. He had preached by word and example the painstaking preservation of all such material circumstances which might lead to the detection of a criminal, until they had been examined and noted in the presence of witnesses. He felt keenly, in this, his responsibility to the public and to himself. Morally, it was as impossible for him to alter heedlessly one of them as it is for the honest bookkeeper to pass a false balance, or the engineer to authorize a bridge whose factor of safety he knows is below the danger point.

But now he was exercising more than his usual care. He wanted, before he summoned the police, before others entered, to read all that these silent witnesses had to tell of the identity of the murderer. He commanded himself, and turned, methodically, almost coldly, to his examination of the room.

It was a large study—it had not the shelves for a library. On the side toward the hall a huge pier-glass extended from the ceiling to the floor. On the opposite side was the empty, clean-swept grate. The huge mahogany writing table which stood between them had lost a caster and was held up at that corner by a book. The chair standing pushed back before it was a kitchen chair. Dr. Renfrew's eyes passed by these objects. Their odd mingling of the magnificent and sordid was as familiar to him as the similar incongruity in his dead friend's face.

He had excused Hackley's penuriousness, his covetousness. He forgave now, as he had forgiven many times before, the small, thin-lipped mouth, lined deep with that ignoble passion, for the sake of the forehead broad as his own; it was like the forehead of Justice in a statue. He knew that Hackley had never subjected his family, his employees, to privation he was not ready himself to undergo. He had not asked of Hackley to understand that they might find such privations unendurable, lacking the childhood of miserable poverty which made his own endurance of them possible.

The body lay on the opposite side of the room from the tall mirror, almost in the grate. It seemed strangely like refuse hurled aside. Its head and shoulders rested on the bearskin rug. There was no

mood around the rug. The long hairs of the bearskin had caught and held it all. The scattered papers under the body, the position of the limbs, negatived at once the swift inquiry this fact aroused. Rug and body had not been moved to this position from somewhere else; Hackley lay as he had fallen.

Dr. Renfrew observed the position of the body, attentively, thoughtfully. His swift eyes shifted to the chair which stood, not in front of the desk but pushed back. He dropped upon his knees, feeling with sensitive fingers in the dark recess under the desk. When his fingertips touched, without disturbing, a bunch of keys, he nodded comprehension.

He crawled about on hands and knees, examining, without touching, the papers on the floor. They were household bills and receipts—insignificant. The papers that still remained in tumbled confusion on the desk were the same. He stood erect, staring keenly at the overturned armchair which, distant from the desk and grate and nearer to the entrance from the hall, leaned against the folding doors.

Finally he turned to his examination of the body. He inspected, without touching, the hair, the feet, the bottoms of the trousers, the clothing. The cut upon the neck was shallow at the forward end, deep at the back. It had bared slightly the corner of the jaw; it ended in a deep hole over the artery it had severed.

Dr. Renfrew straightened, looking for the weapon.

He knew too well the exact similarity between wounds made by a knife and those caused by the swinging blow of a heavy object with a right-angled edge to look only for one kind. Yet he sought first the paper cutter that belonged upon the desk. It lay there undisturbed; and his gaze shifted spontaneously to the corner by the grate. He bent over the object in the corner—a bar of iron, square, heavy, pointed at one end and at the other fitted with a brass handle.

He stood, like a man of stone, sensing these facts with quick apperception, ready inference. His face had set; his eyes had grown hard, cold, vengeful, implacable. He crossed to the window that looked out upon the entrance steps. The snow was thickly falling now, erasing the footprints he had made at his entrance—erasing, too, those other footprints where some one had gone down the steps, since the snow had ceased to fall before, had turned upon the bottom one and re-entered the house.

Dr. Renfrew drew the shade, to hide from prying eyes the contents of the room, and the canary stopped its singing. In the added silence the sound of a woman's hysterical sobbing became audible in some room on the floor above.

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ONCE more, with noiseless, practiced step, he threaded his way among the scattered objects in the room and opened the door into the hall. He had understood all, observed all—keenly, as he observed now how the drawing of the window shade, shutting off the flood of western sunlight of late afternoon, had made strangely deceptive all judgment of the time that had elapsed since Hackley's death. It had thrown the body into shadow, concealing the distortion of the limbs, and leaving visible only the face, with its crown of virile, wiry gray hair. It had darkened still more the stains upon the

bearskin rug, as it had darkened the mirror on the opposite wall, which only dimly reflected now the pattern of the little Oriental rug at its foot. In its present appearance this death might have occurred any time within the day; in the bright sunlight it had looked like what it was—a murder committed not half an hour before.

Dr. Renfrew locked the hall door upon the outside, and with the key in his pocket, followed the sound of sobbing up the stairs.

It led him to a bedroom on the second floor, where Mrs. Hackley lay, stretched in tears across the bed, her gray hair in disorder; and her daughter—very young to be a wife, though it was plain she was one—sat stiffly erect, with ashen face, and eyes which stared blindly. Dr. Renfrew entered this room without salutation and apparently unnoticed. He laid his hand sternly upon the girl's shoulder. She shuddered and quickened into life at his touch.

"I will not tell!" she muttered suddenly and fiercely. "You—they—shall not get one word from me! It was his own fault—his own fault!"

The elder woman moaned.

"Oh, Mary! Your own father!"

The girl turned upon her with breathless fierceness. "I never had even a new dress I didn't have to scheme and lie—yes, lie—for! I never could do anything like other girls! Would you tell in my place? You know you would not! You know you will not even now!"

Dr. Renfrew drew back from her swiftly, coldly. He turned the steady inquiry of his eyes speculatively upon the mother.

"Oh, Dr. Renfrew, it would only make it worse—worse!"

"Mother!" the girl cried, warningly.

Mrs. Hackley hesitated, grew paler than before, and let her head fall upon her arms with a shuddering wail.

♦ ♦ ♦

DR. RENFEW'S chin set more squarely at this confirmation of the deduction he had drawn in the room below, that the murderer had come from within the house. He had been told nothing in the hurried summons that had called him too late to save Hackley's life. He drew swift, new inferences now from the attitude of the women in their grief. He nodded introspectively his understanding that in his vengeance for Hackley's death there would be no aid given him and the authorities.

"You understand," he said, almost with pity, to the girl, "it is for your sake, for the family's sake, I offer you the chance to make a statement to me on your husband's part before—"

He took out, and looked at, his watch. The girl stiffened at his mention of her husband. Her eyes shifted, with searching keenness, to the watch.

"Does that mean," she pointed, "that you have not yet notified the police?"

"Not yet," Dr. Renfrew admitted.

She sprang to close the door and put her back against it.

"Then you shall not!" she cried excitedly. "You must give him a chance! You must give him time!"

Dr. Renfrew watched her movement with no weakening of his purpose, yet compassionately. He had known her all her life, and, childless himself, she had served in some measure as a child of his own to him.

"I don't expect you to tell me anything you would not tell to anyone else," he urged, as to a willful child. "I only ask to give you, in fairness, a chance to make a statement. You need not tell me where your husband is, where he has gone—!"

Mrs. Hackley started erect.

"Gone? But he has not gone!" she cried. "He is here in this house—in their own room!"

Until now Dr. Renfrew had believed that they three, and the dead man on the

lashes still wet and suspicious little dimples about her mouth. "Now I'll get you out of it immediately," she assured him gravely; "and meanwhile I can't tell you how sorry I am that—just sit on this box; you'll be more comfortable. I'll run and telephone a plumber, or some one." She paused in the doorway. "But I don't know your name?"

"Appropriately enough, it's Fox," said she briefly; "Anthony Fox."

Miss Mix gasped, opened her mouth, shut it without speaking, and gasped again. Then she sat down heavily on a box.

"Of New York—I see!" said she, but more as if speaking to herself than to him. "Tony's father; he's written to you, and you've come all the way from New York to break it off. I see!" Desperation seemed to seize her. "Oh, my heavenly day!" she ejaculated. "Why didn't I think of this? This serves me right, you know," she said seriously, bringing her attention to bear fully upon Anthony; "but let me tell you, Mr. Fox, that this is about the worst thing you could have done!"

"The worst!" said Anthony dully.

He felt utterly stupefied.

"Absolutely," said she calmly. "You know you only hasten a thing like this by making an out-and-out fight of it. That's no way to stop it!"

"Are you Miss Mix?" said Anthony feebly.

"I am." She nodded impatiently. "Sarah Mix."

"Then you and my son—" Anthony pursued patiently. "Didn't he write? Aren't you—"

"Engaged? Certainly we are," admitted the lady with dignity. "And it would no more than serve you right if we got married, after all!" she added, with a sudden smile.

Anthony liked the smile. He smiled broadly in return.

"If you got married! Do you mean you don't intend to?"

"I see I'll have to tell you," said Miss Mix, suddenly casting hesitation to the winds. "Then we can talk. Yes, we're engaged, Mr. Fox. What else could I do? Anthony's 30; one can't treat him quite as if he were 6. He's absolutely unable to take care of himself; and I've always liked him—always! How could I see a girl like Mollie Temple—but of course you don't know her. She's with the 'Giddy Middy' company, playing in San Francisco now."

"No, I don't know her," said Mr. Fox stiffly.

"Well," continued Miss Mix, "her mother lives here in Palo Alto, and Mollie came home for September. Tony was just what she was looking for. A secret marriage, a sensational divorce, and all-mony—Mollie asks nothing more of fate! She made him her slave."

"Lord!" said Anthony.

"Every one was talking about it," continued Miss Mix; "but I never dreamed

of interfering until Thanksgiving, when the Temples planned a week's house party in Mill Valley, and asked Tony to go. That would have settled it; so I managed to see Tony, and from that day on I may say I never let go of him. I took him about, I accompanied him when he sang—just big-sistered him generally! I'm 32, you know, and I never dreamed he would—but he did. New Year's night, Mr. Fox. Well, then I either had to say no, and let him go again, or say yes, and hold him. So I said yes. I couldn't stop him from

wardly, "I don't really know how to thank you—"

"Oh, nonsense!" she said lightly. "You forget how fond I am of him! Now I'll go up to the house and—" Her confident voice faltered, and Anthony was astonished to see a look of dismay cross her face. "Oh, my goodness gracious heavenly day!" she ejaculated softly. "Whatever shall we do now? Now we never can get you out!"

"Then I'll stay in," laughed Anthony philosophically.

and has a good chance. This, of course, would land it!"

"What would?"

"Why, this!" She was laughing again. "Can't you see! Think of the headlines! Even your New York papers would give it half a column. Think of the chance to get funny! 'Old Fox in Trap.' 'Goes to Bed With the Chickens!' 'Iron King Plays Chantecler!'"

"Thunder!" said Anthony uncomfortably.

"There'd be no end of it, for you or me," said Miss Mix. "I knew this town."

"Yes, you're right, I'm sure!" agreed Anthony. "The idea is for me to sit here until after the 1st of May, eh?" he continued uncertainly.

Her eyes danced.

"Oh we may think of some other way!"

"Tony's not to be trusted, you think?"

"No-o! I wouldn't dare. He's simply mad to have Jerry win. He'd let it out involuntarily."

"The maid can go for a plumber?"

"Statia? She's working for Joe Bates. And both the boys in the plumber's shop are in college, anyway."

"You might telephone for another plumber?" suggested Anthony, after some thought.

"Yes, I could do that," Miss Mix brightened. "No, I can't, either," she lamented. "Elsie White, the long distance operator, is working for Joe Bates, too." She meditated again for a space, then raised her head, listening. "They're calling me!" she whispered.

With a gesture for silence, she sprang to the door. Outside, some one shouted:

"Miss Solly!"

"Hello, Tony!" she called hardily, in answer. "Lunch, is it? No, don't come down! I'm just coming up!"

With a warning glance over her shoulder for Anthony, she closed the door and was gone.

A long hour followed, the silence broken only by occasional low comment from the chickens, and by voices and footsteps coming and going on the side of the chicken-house where the street lay.

Anthony, his back against the rough wall, his hands in his pockets, had fallen into a scuffling reverie when Miss Mix suddenly returned. She carried a plate of luncheon, and two files.

"We are safe!" she reassured him. "The boys think I am playing bridge, and I've locked the gate on the inside. Now, files on parade!"

She tucked the slimy skirts of her white frock about her, sat down on a box, and began to grate away his bonds without an instant's delay. Her warm, smooth hands he found very charming to watch. Loose strands of hair fell across her flushed, smooth cheek. Anthony attacked his lunch with sudden gayety.

"How much we have to talk about!" he said, observing contentedly that five minutes' filing made almost no impression upon his chains. She colored suddenly, but met his eyes with charming



And then Sally removed herself to young Anthony's side of the steps, so that she might give his hand an affectionate squeeze.

planning, and I never dreamed he'd write you! Now, do you begin to see?"

"I see," said Anthony huskily.

He cleared his throat.

"Meanwhile," pursued Miss Mix, glowing delightedly in the sympathy of her listener, "I introduced him to the Rogerses and the Peppers, and lots of jolly people, who are doing him a world of good. He goes about—he's developing. And now, just as I began to hope that the time had come when we could quietly break off our engagement, here you are, to make him feel in honor bound to stick to it!"

"Well, I am—" Anthony left it unfinished. "What can I do?" he asked meekly.

"We'll find a plan somehow," said Miss Mix approvingly. "But you must be got out first!"

"And meanwhile," said Anthony awk-

wardly, "I don't really know how to thank you—"

She glanced across the yard.

"It's that disgusting newspaper contest!" she said.

"That what?"

"Please don't shout that way!" she begged, sitting down on her box again. "I'll explain. You see, the editor of the best newspaper here, the Star, has offered a really fine position on the staff to the college man who brings in the best newspaper story between now and the 1st of May—that's less than ten days. Of course, all the boys have gone crazy over it. It's a job that a man could easily hold down with his regular class work, and it might lead to a permanent position. And then there's the experience. About ten boys are working furiously for it, and all their friends are working for them. Tony's helping Jerry Billings, and Jerry has already taken in a couple of good stories,

door below, were alone in the house. The one servant, he knew, was—and had been—out. His tall figure suddenly grew tense. He swept the girl aside, catching her two wrists in one powerful hand, while he dragged the door open with the other. He went swiftly down the hall to the door at the end, pushed against it without knocking, closed it firmly behind him, and stood in the presence of the boy of 20 who was George Hackley's murderer.

The room was a bedroom, with twin beds. Dr. Renfrew, gathering its details with a single glance, noted the suitcase open on the floor, unpacked, surrounded by clothing hurriedly scattered. The boy sat in a low chair beside the suitcase—not packing. His hands hung limply between his knees; his face was expressionless, lifeless, as that of the dead man downstairs.

DR. RENFEW, looking at him, felt his own flesh grow hot with anger. He strove to crowd down the frenzied memory of all that Hackley had been to him. It was not thus, he told himself, justice was administered. He wanted to exact punishment for Hackley's death legally, dispassionately.

"You've been with Mary?" The boy for the first time seemed to recognize his presence.

Dr. Renfrew controlled himself and nodded.

"What did she say?" The boy's face was that of one expecting a death judgment.

"You'd better be thinking about yourself!" Dr. Renfrew broke out.

He had meant his tone to be coldly dispassionate, but his own ears told him it was harsh and menacing. It added to his anger in a manner which he did not attempt to explain, that the boy seemed to be thinking of the man he had killed only as the death affected his own wife. In Dr. Renfrew's own mind the fact of Hackley's death overrode every other consideration.

"But what did she say?" the boy insisted intently.

Dr. Renfrew saw that he could not tell truly the girl's attitude without administering comfort.

"Good God! What could she say?" he

cried in passion. "You struck down her father in cold blood!"

His fists clenched hard as he marshaled in his angry thought the evidences of the crime he had read so plainly in the room below.

"You had quarreled again, I suppose—perhaps in the study. You had left the study, at any rate. He had left the house. But he only went to the bottom of the entrance steps. You heard him coming back. You heard him enter the study. Then murder entered your heart. You crept through the hall. The weapon was there at your hand—the heavy poker beside the hall fireplace. You entered the study softly. He did not see you. He was stooping at the writing table to unlock the bottom drawer. You crept forward until only the width of the writing table separated you, for he straightened, although he had not yet got the drawer unlocked. And, as he straightened, you struck him down—struck him down—a man on whose bounty you had lived, a man thirty years older than yourself, an act without an extenuating circumstance, without palliation, a premeditated murder."

"Premeditated?" The boy, who had listened with a scowl as of physical pain, quickened into protest. But at once his head fell again, hopelessly.

"I don't know why I ever went to work for him!" he wailed impotently. "I don't know why we ever came to live in his house! It was all his—his damned parsimony! I ought not to speak like that—he's dead! It happened all as you've just said—almost; although I don't know how you know it. I had bought Mary an opal ring—her engagement ring—a year late. She'd never had any ring except her wedding ring—never in her life. We'd saved for it. He took it away from her and locked it in the drawer of his desk. He said no woman of his family ever had worn jewels, and none of them ever should. Of course we quarreled again. Then I came upstairs and I heard him go out."

The boy's hands, hanging limp between his knees, had taken up the trembling of his body and shook visibly. He did not look at Dr. Renfrew. His face was filled with agony.

"Then I heard some one come in. I

thought he must have left the door unlatched. And I went down into the hall. And there was a man there—oh, God, there was a man there! He was in the study. He was stooping at the desk. I thought he must have seen through the window when he put the ring into the drawer. I guess I was excited by the quarrel. I guess I must have been crazy! I got the poker and went in. And when he looked up I struck him. I didn't recognize him!"

Dr. Renfrew glared in angry incredulity.

The boy repeated his words miserably.

"I didn't recognize him!"

The repetition wrung from Dr. Renfrew an exclamation of disbelief and amazement.

"Did not recognize him? A man you'd seen every day for two years—in a place you must have expected to see him—in broad daylight!"

"Oh, you believe him, Dr. Renfrew! You do believe!" The door had opened and the girl stood panting in the doorway.

Her eyes sought swiftly and instinctively the unpacked suitcase. The boy followed her look.

"I'm not going," he said simply. "I had fought that out before Dr. Renfrew came in. If I'm arrested—" He breathed deep. "If I'm arrested, I'll say nothing—until I tell the truth in court. I'm going to give myself a fair chance."

THE girl, shuddering with fresh anxiety, yet with a sort of relief, fled to him and threw her arms about him. She lifted her face to Dr. Renfrew.

"Then you must believe!" she said almost proudly.

Dr. Renfrew stared in bewilderment.

She scrutinized his face.

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried unhappily. "He didn't mean to do it! It was an accident—a mistake! Don't you see he's guiltless—guiltless! Oh, father would have understood! He—" She halted, with that strange hesitancy which those who believe in immortality feel in making its practical application. "He has understood!" she finished, with conviction. "Father has forgiven him!"

Dr. Renfrew started, but commanded himself.

"It makes no difference what I believe," he answered heavily. "No jury ever will believe him."

His practical thought was telling him already how the prosecuting attorney would tear it all to pieces; how he would use it to incense and harden the jury against the criminal—this improbable story which, however, he himself believed. For he recognized with bewildered amazement that he did believe it. He was no longer hot with vindictive passion. He no longer thirsted, dry tongued, for vengeance for Hackley's death. He was chill with apprehension for the fate of these two young people, who crouched watching in agony the changes in his face, as though turning to him for help. For help! And the girl's words had startled in him an amazed questioning. What, indeed, would Hackley have said to this—Hackley, who had been a just man, as far as he had understanding. And he would have understood this. What would he have said in the presence of this grim prospective tragedy, which was tightening like hands about Dr. Renfrew's heart? Of a man guiltless of intended wrong, yet with only this flimsy story to prove his innocence!

Dr. Renfrew stood with face strangely lifted, as though he were listening to something the others could not hear. Yet he was not of such emotional nature as to believe he heard his dead friend's voice. He was a hard man—practical, scientific, intellectual.

Presently he turned and went slowly down the stairs into the room with Hackley's body. It lay as he had left it, separated by the full width of the room from the tall mirror, its head and shoulders almost in the clean-swept grata. There was no help here. And he had not expected any, nor any change. For how could it change—now? Dr. Renfrew knew, as he gazed down into its stony face, that, called in time, he would have hazarded all things, even his own life itself, to preserve Hackley's—or any other—life. But,



"Then you must believe!" she said almost proudly.

soon quickened beyond her vision of him as perfect, saw in a flashing streak of illumination that he wished to avoid all natural responsibilities. He wanted entire appropriation of her time and her thoughts; yet he gave her nothing of value in return. His love for her was a poor little emotion, a dog-in-the-manger sort of thing!

This, then, was the truth, whether or not in his innermost self he realized it. She saw him as he was, yet still there glowed like a fiery opal within her her love for him. Could nothing strangle its tenacity? No showing of feet of clay, of fundamental dishonesty! She despaired of herself.

Suddenly Atwood saw another acquaintance at a table, a man alone.

"There's Harriman," he said. "Pardon me a moment, Lella, while I have a

word with him. He's a valuable man to keep in touch with."

He rose and stood a moment looking down at her. Those terrible, acute understandings passing through her not having dislodged her love, a radiance still filled her eyes as she returned his look. Some cell in his brain registered with a rare distinctness the wonder of the girl's adoration, lifted him up, crowned him. Unconsciously he threw back his shoulders, as moving off he threaded his way between tables. A pride was on him.

Lella, left alone, watched him go. A terrible displacement had occurred in her knowledge of him, and yet, bitter, bitter cup, she still loved him sufficiently to go on in the place he had assigned her, which was no place at all for self-respect, to flourish, or even content.

And then all suddenly she made her prayer. She put her hand over her aching eyes, pressing them shut. Into her prayer she put all her consuming desire.

"Dear God," she whispered, "please take this love out of my heart. It is an unworthy thing now, because its faith is gone!"

And strangely, miraculously, her prayer was answered. She took her hand away from her eyes and found the sting gone from them. She felt strangely empty, a shell devoid of feeling.

Atwood, returning, a pleased smile on his face, sank down opposite her.

"Well, Harriman's a clever sort," he said.

As she did not answer, he looked closer at her and felt a chill come over him. The white light in her eyes had burned itself away.

"What's the matter, Lella?" he asked quickly.

She smiled then very brilliantly at him.

"Nothing," she said indifferently, "but I really think I'd like to go home. I am a bit tired," she finished, suppressing a yawn.

He sat quite still, while fear gathered within him. Then experimenting, he put out his fingers and touched hers, but they remained passive beneath his caress.

Dismayed, he cast about for light, but none came to him. He seemed to have been moved from a pedestal, and the transition down was bewildering, painful.

Mercifully, perhaps, he was spared the knowledge that he had lost, in the twinkling of an eye, the greatest thing a man can ask of life.

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MISS MIX, KIDNAPER

By Kathleen Norris

Illustrated by Beas Esthell



ELL, he has done it now, confound his nerve!" said Anthony Fox Sr. in a tone of almost triumphant fury. He spread the loosely written sheets of a long letter on the breakfast table.

"Here I am, just out of a sick bed!" he pursued fretfully; "just home from a month's idling abroad, and now I'll have to go away out to California to lick some sense into that young fool!"

"For heaven's sake, Tony, don't get yourself all worked up!" said handsome, stately Mrs. Fox, much more concerned for father than for son. She sighed resignedly as she folded a flattering request from her club for an address entitled, "Do We Forget Our Maids?" and gave him her full attention. "Read me the letter, dear," said she placidly.

"Of course I always knew some woman would get hold of him," said Anthony Sr., fumbling blindly for his mouth with a bit of toast, his eyes still on the letter; "but, by George, this sounds like Charlie Ross!"

"Woman!" repeated Mrs. Fox with a relieved laugh. "Buddy's in love, is he? Don't worry, Tony; it won't last! Of all boys in the world he's the least likely to be foolish that way!"

"Of all boys in the world he's the kind that is easiest taken in!" said his father dryly, securing the toast at last with a savage snap. "H-m—she's his landlady! Keeps fancy fowls and takes boarders—ha! Says they rather hope to be married in June. This has quite a settled tone to it, for Buddy. I don't like the look of it!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Fox with dawning uneasiness. "You don't mean to say he considers himself seriously engaged? At 20! And to his landlady, too—I never heard such nonsense! Buddy's in no position to marry. Who is the girl, anyway?"

"Girl is good!" said the reader bitterly. "She's 32!"

Mrs. Fox, her hand hovering over a finger bowl, grew rigid.

"Thirty-two!" she choked blankly. Then, sharply: "Anthony, do you think you can stop it?"

"I'll do what I can, believe me!" he assured her grimly. "Yes, sir, she's 32! By the way, Fanny, this letter's already a month old. Why haven't I had it before?"

"You told them to hold only the office mail while you were traveling, you know," Mrs. Fox reminded him. "That one evidently has been following you. Anthony, can Tony marry without your consent?"

"No-o, but of course he's of age in five months, and if she's got her hooks deep enough into him, she—oh, confound such a complication, anyway!"

"It looks to me as if she wanted his money," said Mrs. Fox.

"H-m!" said his father, again deep in

the letter. "That's just occurred to you, has it? Poor old Buddy—poor old Bud!"

"Oh, he'll surely get over it," said Mrs. Fox uncertainly. "He may, but you can bet she won't! Not before they're married, anyway. No, Bud's the sort that gets it hard, when he does get it!" his father said. "There's a final tone about the whole thing that I don't like. Listen to this!" He quoted from the letter with a rueful shake of the head. "I don't know what the darling girl sees in me, dad, but she has turned down enough other fellows to know her own mind. At last I realize what Mrs. Browning's wonderful sonnets—"

"He doesn't say that?" ejaculated the listener incredulously. "She doesn't know I am writing you," Mr. Fox read on grimly, "because I don't want her to worry about your objecting. But you won't object when you know her. She doesn't care anything about money, and says she will stick by me if we have to begin on a \$30 job. You don't know how I love her, dad; it has changed my whole life. It's not just because she's beautiful, and all that. You will say that I am pretty young, but I know I can count on you for some sort of job to begin with, and things will work out all right."

"H-m!" said Mrs. Fox. "Yes, you're right, Tony. This is serious!"

"All worked out, you see," said the man gloomily as he drummed absently on the letter. "Oh, Anthony, I can't help thinking of the Page boy, and that awful woman! Anthony, shall I go? Could I do any good if I went?"

"No," HE said thoughtfully. "No, I'll go myself. Don't worry, Fanny, there's still time. Isn't it a curious thing that it's a quiet little fellow like Bud that—well, we'll see what can be done. I'll talk to this woman. She may think he has money of his own, you know. I'll buy her off if I can. Perhaps things can be delayed; perhaps I can get him to go somewhere with me for a trip. I'll see. Barker can look me up a train and things here will have to wait. You'll see about my things, will you, Fanny—have 'em packed? Oh, and here's the letter—pretty sick reading you'll find it!"

"Be gentle with him!" said Mrs. Fox, deep in the boy's letter. "Thirty-two! Why, she might be his mother—in some countries she might, anyway. Anthony!"

—her voice stopped him at the door—"is her name Sally Mix?"

"Apparently," he said. "Can you beat it? Sounds like a drink!"

"Well," said Mrs. Fox firmly, as if the name clinched the matter. "It must be stopped, that's all! Sally Mix! I hope she's white!"

Just a week later, in California, Anthony Fox slammed the gate of Miss Mix's garden loudly behind him and eyed the Mix homestead with disapproval. The house was square and white, with doors and windows open to spring sunlight and air, and was surrounded by a garden space of flowers and trees and trim brick walks. The click of the gate brought a maid to the doorway.

"Mr. Fox won't be here until noon," said the maid in answer to his question.

"Does Miss—could I see Miss Mix?" substituted Anthony after a moment's thought.

He took a porch chair while she departed to find out.

"If you please," said the maid, suddenly reappearing, "Miss Mix is setting a Plymouth, and will you step right down?"

"Setting a—" scowled Anthony.

"Plymouth," supplied the maid mildly.

Anthony eyed her suspiciously, but there was evidently nothing concealed behind her innocence of manner. Finally he followed the path she indicated as leading to Miss Mix. He followed it past the house, past clothes drying on lines, past scattered apple trees with white-washed trunks, and down a board walk to the chicken yard.

No one was in sight. Anthony rattled the gate tentatively. A slim, neat, black Minorca fowl made an insulting remark about him to another hen. Both chuckled.

"Come in—come in and shut it!" called a clear voice from the interior of the chicken-house.

Anthony's jaw stiffened.

"May I speak to you?" he called with as much dignity as a person shouting at an utter stranger across an unfamiliar yard may command.

"Certainly! Come right in!" called the voice briskly.

Seeing nothing else to do, Anthony unwillingly crossed the yard and stepped into the pleasant, whitewashed gloom of the chicken-house. Loose chaff was scattered on the floor and whitewashed boxes lined the walls. An adjoining shed held the roosts, which a few murmuring fowls were looping with heavy flights.

As he entered, a young woman in blue linen shut a gray hen into a box and

turned a pleasantly inquiring glance upon him.

"Good morning!" she said, smiling. "I knew you would want to see the thing sooner or later, so I asked Statie to show you right down here. Now, there's the trap"—she indicated a mass of loose chains and metal teeth on the floor—"and here's the key; but it simply won't work!"

Anthony was not following. He was staring at her. She was extremely pretty; that he had expected. But he had not expected that she—she—well, he was not prepared for this sort of a woman at all! He must go slow here. He—she—Bud—

"I beg your pardon," he interrupted himself to stammer apologetically. "I didn't catch—you were saying—"

"The trap!" she said, smiling.

"Ah, the trap!" repeated Anthony inanely.

"Certainly!" she said, with a hint of impatience. Then, as he still stared, she added quickly: "You're the man from Petaluma? You came to fix it, didn't you?"

"Not at all," said Anthony, smiling. "I came from New York."

LIGHT dawned in the girl's eyes. She gave a horrified laugh.

"Well, how stupid of me!" she ejaculated. "Of course, I thought you were. I'm expecting a man to fix the trap, any day, and you sent no name. I bought this affair a week ago; there's a coon, or a fox, or something, that's been coming down from the hills after my pullets; but it won't work."

"I don't know anything about traps," said Anthony.

He was wondering how he had best introduce himself. The vague campaign that he had outlined on those restless nights in the train would be useless here, he had decided. As he spoke he absently touched the tangled chains and bolts with his foot.

"Don't do that!" screamed Miss Mix.

At the same second there was a victorious convulsion of metal teeth, and Anthony found himself frantically jerking at his foot, which was fast in the trap.

"Oh, you're caught! You are caught!" cried the girl distressedly. "Oh, please don't hurt yourself tugging that way—you can't do it!"

Her eyes, full of concern and sympathy, met his for a second; then, suddenly, she broke into laughter.

"Why, confound the thing!" said Anthony in pained surprise, as he struggled and twisted. "How does it open?"

"It doesn't!" choked Miss Mix, her mirth quite beyond control, as she gave various futile little tugs and twitches at the trap. "That's the trouble! The key never has had the slightest effect. Oh, I will not laugh this way!" she upbraided herself sternly. "Bu—bu—but you did look so—" She abruptly turned her back upon him for a moment, facing him again with perfect calm, although with

dead, he saw in the body of his friend only an empty shell—a shell, one now, with the earth and its waters.

Life had great sanctity for Dr. Renfrew; death had none. More truly than most who professed louder their belief in immortality, he lived in accordance with that belief. As he stared now again at the significant details of the room it was no longer of Hackley he was thinking, but of the mute witness that these bore against the boy upstairs.

Suddenly he brushed his hand across his eyes with decision. He lowered the shades until the room was in darkness. He moved with skilled sureness, determination, a sort of exaltation. Yet when the canary dropped from its perch, with a metallic rattle of its claws against the tin floor of its cage, he winced as a murderer would have winced. He closed the door into the hall and locked it on the inside. He switched on the electric lights. In this brilliant burst of artificial light the room started out in all its confusion and horror; every speck was visible, and the face of the dead man huddled at the grate was white and gleaming, as Dr. Renfrew approached the desk and picked up the short and heavy-bladed paper cutter which he himself had brought to Hackley from the Mediterranean.

He arrived first. He took down the names of the house and their relationship to the dead man. He had received unmodified, when he made his hourly telephone report to the station-house from the patrol box, the statement Dr. Renfrew had made to the police—merely, "a coroner's case." The patrolman did not ask to enter the locked study, after learning that the key was in Dr. Renfrew's pocket. He had been instructed to await the arrival of the police captain commanding the district. He waited with Dr. Renfrew in the room across the hall, until the doctor rose to admit the coroner's deputy.

The deputy, a man of 35, shook hands with Dr. Renfrew in a businesslike manner. In the interval while they waited for the police captain Dr. Renfrew saw him examining with attention as much

of the premises as he could see from his seat. Presently his eyes rested with respectful interest on Dr. Renfrew himself.

"You look ill, doctor," he said. "You should take a rest."

Dr. Renfrew changed his seat with uneasiness greater than mere annoyance. He sat by the window, nervously jerking the curtain cord, while he explained to the deputy his long friendship with the dead man. He was relieved when he heard finally the snow-stifled rumble of the police captain's buggy.

The police captain conversed aside with the patrolman, and read over the notes in the officer's notebook.

"You were here?" He looked at Dr. Renfrew.

"Called as the family physician," Dr. Renfrew explained steadily. "Mr. Hackley was dead when I arrived."

He handed the key of the study to the captain, and followed with the deputy as the captain led the way across the hall. The captain pushed open the door of the darkened room, crossed carefully to the west window, and raised the shade. Dr. Renfrew scanned his face with painful intentness as he turned stolidly to take his first impression of the room.

Then the doctor's eyes shifted, apprehensively, to the deputy. The deputy stood silent and observant on the sill; and the fingers relaxed which had been cutting into Dr. Renfrew's own flesh.

He drew back, that they might see he intended to leave them free to investigate and draw conclusions as they wished—without interference from him, without comment.

The deputy greeted this movement with a gratified look. He had not tried to hide from Dr. Renfrew his satisfaction at having received this case. He was plainly eager to show his efficiency before the great authority on medical jurisprudence in this matter which had more than ordinary interest for the doctor.

He had spoken, while they waited in the other room, of Dr. Renfrew's latest book, and, with particular admiration, of those parts of it which dealt with the first appearance of a scene of violent death. Now he drew the police captain's attention by an abrupt gesture away from the body, which lay directly in front

of the tall mirror on the side of the room farthest from the grate, to the room itself.

The first impression given by the room was its perfect orderliness. The police captain turned from where he stood beside the body and joined the deputy at the desk.

The clean white papers upon the desk were arranged exactly in neat piles on the flat top. The deputy noted that they were classified carefully—one pile of receipts, another of unpaid bills.

THE bunch of keys had been laid with care on top of the larger pile. The police captain nodded understanding, as the deputy pointed to the keys, and took them up and tried them on the desk. When he found one that fitted he opened the drawers, whose contents showed the same orderliness as the desk top.

The bottom drawer, however, was empty. He reclosed and locked them, and the deputy made written note of the position of the keys, the papers, and the kitchen chair.

This chair stood pushed close up to the desk, as a man pushes up his chair when his day's work is finished.

The deputy, lifting his eyes from his notebook, saw the police captain stooping beside the grate. The armchair had been drawn close to the grate and stood upon the little Oriental hearth rug. The grate itself was littered with a mass of burned papers.

The police captain tried to disengage the largest of these charred papers from the rest, but it turned to impalpable powder between his fingers. He rose and talked with the deputy in a low tone. They turned together to their examination of the body.

The body lay at the side of the room farthest from the grate, exactly in front of the tall pier glass on the wall. Its head and shoulders rested on the bearskin rug at the mirror's foot.

The police captain and the deputy knelt beside this rug, matted with blood, and examined the wound in the neck. They noted attentively the attitude in which the body lay, the position of the legs and arms.

The deputy crawled to look at the right hand. He straightened, observing

with deep absorption the position of this hand.

Suddenly he stooped and felt underneath the desk. He uttered an exclamation of triumph as he brought out from under the desk a short, thick-bladed knife.

Dr. Renfrew was breathing quickly as the deputy held the knife toward him.

"It belongs upon the desk," the doctor explained. "I brought it to him myself last year when I visited the Mediterranean. It was not meant—but he used it for—a paper cutter!"

The deputy pointed out to the police captain a stain upon the heavy, inlaid blade. He laid the knife upon the desk and made note of it in his book. They walked to the other side of the room and talked together for a time inaudibly. Then, almost jubilant in his success, the deputy coroner turned to Dr. Renfrew.

"You'd think," he commented, conversationally, as though his business were finished, "possessing all precedent circumstances, his intimates ought to have been able to forestall an event like this."

"An eccentric man, you say—and, perhaps, not happy in his family. Lonely—growing old. Saturday afternoon, and his week's work finished. All his affairs in order. He arranges his papers, clears out this lower drawer, burns those papers which he does not want made public. Then—!"

Dr. Renfrew felt himself pale as death. He was burning with recollections of thirty years of professional morality, professional ideals, which in the end had come to this—that he must, for others' sake, shrink with the apprehensions of a criminal and triumph by deceit. But he met their eyes steadily.

"Then you make it—?" he demanded.

The deputy stared in surprise. He had felt, in the presence of this great authority, like a schoolboy before the master. He was now suddenly impressed by the extent to which Dr. Renfrew had aged and weakened through the death of his old friend.

"Clearly suicide, Dr. Renfrew," he answered, almost with compassion. "No jury can ever doubt it. Why, you can even see where he cut his own thumb in using the knife!"

In the Twinkling of an Eye

By Emily Calvin Blake

Illustrated by F. McAnelly



GORDON ATWOOD stood in the hotel lobby waiting for the girl he loved. She was late, an unprecedented occurrence for her. Pleasant little thrills stirred him in anticipation of

Leila's arrival. He could almost hear her quick excuses for keeping him waiting, and he quite forgave her her delinquency, since he was an artist in sensations.

Girls passing looked at him with involuntary interest, perhaps because he was so well set up, so altogether in the picture. He was 30 quite, and he faced the world with expectancy in his keen blue eyes. As each woman passed him he looked her over quickly, comprehensively. Possessing a fastidious and cultivated taste, few entirely pleased him, and he fell to musing on Leila.

It was the sum total of her that most delighted him, her perfection for him. There was nothing about her he would have changed if he could. Once in his callow youth he had preferred the cold Grecian type; now he knew that Leila's pliant Rembrandt beauty completely satisfied him. Her little half-shy way of glancing up at him was adorable. He was the king of her universe, and his whims and wishes were laws to her—up to a certain point, when, with exhilarating unexpectedness, she confused him by taking a firm stand, from which place no arguments of his could move her. A rare companion, not too cloyingly sweet, she

had proved for four years. And tonight they were going to celebrate their first meeting.

He broke off his cogitations as he espied Leila. In a strange mood of aberration she was walking right by him on her way to the ladies' parlors, where they had designed to meet. Atwood stopped her and she looked up into his face with a smile.

"Oh, Gordon!" she cried. "Billy Maywood called me up at the last moment about a dance on Saturday night. I couldn't hurry him the least bit."

Atwood was about to make some comment, decided against it, and asked instead:

"Shall we dine here?"

"I'd like to go to the Rose Garden," she said.

It was at the Rose Garden they had met, and her sense of the romantic, so inclusive of him, gratified him. They entered a taxicab and sat in silence.

Leila was thinking of the night she had met Gordon. She had been with a group of friends, Billy Maywood her chief attendant, when Gordon entered the restaurant. He had paused to speak with

Billy, and Billy had introduced him around the table. Leila had managed to get from Billy all he knew of Atwood. He was a rising young architect in the way of making money, because he went about things in the right way, so sagely said Billy, and finished with a laugh:

"If an Oxford accent would help him to success, Atwood would produce the accent."

It was a horrid thing for a friend to say, thought Leila with all the loyalty of 21, and from another less acrid source she had learned that Gordon Atwood had come to the city a stranger with letters from influential men of his home town, with the result that, having a likable personality and real talent, he had gone rapidly forward.

When they were seated at a table for two in the little, artistic restaurant, Gordon leaned back to regard Leila. He had not seen her for three nights, on one of which nights she had attended the theater with Billy Maywood.

She looked a bit tired, he thought, or was it that she was keyed up, nervous. He liked women with poise, but who still had the capacity for intensity. This was

Leila's charm. Perhaps she was worried. Her position as secretary to the president of a large wall paper concern was a bit trying at times.

"Everything all right, Leila?" he asked, and she nodded affirmatively, then qualified by adding deliberately:

"Mother was a bit curious about my seeing you tonight." And she looked at him with definite meaning in her deep eyes.

"Rather wearing at times, her curiosity, eh?" he answered, and turned his attention to the menu card. "What are your tastes tonight, Leila?"

She told him, somewhat indifferently, and Atwood gave the order, sped the departing waiter on his way and came to a matter that had been in his mind all evening.

"Leila," he said, "I wish you wouldn't go out any more with Billy Maywood."

Leila brightened, leaned forward.

"Why not?" she asked expectantly. "I don't care for the fellow!"

"But I do like Billy," she said, "and besides there are days when you can't find time to see me; sometimes weeks."

"You know why. I'm working toward a definite goal—twenty thousand a year." Leila did not answer. Atwood went on: "I want to ride on the top wave. Nothing lower will satisfy me."

"Billy is content with lesser things," she said.

But her ulterior motive there was clearly revealed. Atwood regarded her with lenient fondness.

"Dear girl," he said, "it would never

seem to me to be jealous of Billy Maywood."

"Perhaps not," said Lella quietly.

"It is not jealousy that prompts me to ask you not to receive his attentions. It's a sense of the fitness of things. Promise me you'll put him in his place."

"I don't know what to do, Gordon," she answered haltingly.

There was some change going on in her. It discomfited him, this difference, and he went on quickly to a subject he knew would enthrall her.

"It was over there I first saw you, sitting at that little table near the wall," he said. "I looked at you and knew at once you were different."

She flushed beneath his ardent gaze. His magnetism was getting her again, so she answered quickly:

"Gordon, I've had an offer to go as secretary to the Keating wall paper manager."

"But they're a thousand miles away!" he exclaimed.

"I know, but it's a good offer, and I'd like the extra money."

"But you can't go away from me. I won't have that, Lella."

Her eyes lit then, and her mouth wreathed itself into a smile, making her appealingly lovely.

"I need you, too, Gordon," she said, "yet your ambitions throw me from sheer loneliness into Billy Maywood's arms."

Her frivolity annoyed him.

"A man's work is rather important," he said stiffly.

"And a woman's merely a stop gap! I don't feel anything so logically as you do, Gordon, perhaps because there seems nothing definite ahead of me."

He looked meaningfully at her before replying.

"But there is something very definite ahead of you, Lella."

Now her heart sang. Four years of being together, dancing together, playing together, reading together; stolen kisses in moonlit gardens, and never before had he spoken so meaningfully. She sat quite still, looking at him, thinking of the glory it would mean to bestow her all upon him, everything that love might ask of her—pain, sacrifice and faith.

The waiter came at this high moment, accomplished his duties and departed, Lella hoped, forever. She gazed at the plate before her, for Gordon's steady scrutiny disturbed her.

"Let us make our celebration happy, Lella," he begged. "You're under a strain of some sort. Forget everything only that we're together."

With more courage than it takes to face some of the big dangers in life, Lella put her question:

"How much do you care that we are together?" she asked.

"Lella," he said, "you are more to me than life itself. It means everything to me that we are here together."

There was that in his face now which stirred her to her depths. She could not doubt his love for her.

They were both in the clouds, and he, manlike, the first to descend to known territory. "Eat your dinner, Lella," he advised; "everything's going cold."

She took up her fork obediently, and now comfortably on terra firma, he went on:

"The joy of our friendship is that it is in no way fettered, a beautiful, an exquisite thing. When I am dull, worn down by the grind of the day, I come to you and you inspire me."

"And when I am fretted by life, and you are very busy working toward your

\$20,000 a year, what is there for me to do, if I must sit at home alone—not even have the amusement of Billy Maywood's company?"

He was taken aback, annoyed. She had never been in so wayward a mood before.

"I hope," he said coldly, "that I've helped you over some rough spots."

At that all her worship of him came up to the surface. She feared she had hurt him, and in the dread of that fear she could not speak. Only her thoughts

"No, Gordon; listen. I'm not going about with you any more. That girl's attitude toward me is the attitude of the world. People are talking about me!"

He sat up angrily.

"Why should people talk about you?"

"They shouldn't, perhaps, but they do, and I'm not brave enough to stand oblique glances. I suppose the world can't believe that a girl who will be seen with a man for four years, all the time,

Dismayed, he cast about for light, but none came to him.



were crystal clear. She knew her own needs. All the cry of the woman to find a haven in love.

"You have given me more than I can tell," she cried.

He recovered his good nature.

"Instead of taking another and harder position, Lella, I'm going to see that you get a rest," he said masterfully.

The young violinist of the Rose Garden orchestra played something very stirring. Lella pushed her coffee cup from her. Atwood lit a cigaret. Some newcomers, a girl and a man, pushed open the front door. The head waiter, in his important manner, ushered them across the room, flooded with the sweet sounds of the violin. Nearing Atwood's table, they paused.

Atwood rose immediately.

"You know Miss Burton?" he muttered conventionally.

The man bowed cordially, the girl very distantly, though she and Lella had met often in this haphazard fashion. Lella felt the cut of the girl's superior manner and the undercurrent of suggestion.

THEY'RE engaged, aren't they, Gordon?" she asked as the couple moved away.

"Yes; just announced," he answered, watching the tiny rings he achieved from his cigaret.

Lella leaned forward. She had gone very white. "Gordon," she asked in a tense voice, "did you notice how the girl treated me, indifferently, insolently?"

He frowned. "You're fancying things, Lella. Let me take you home. You're not well tonight."

But she had reached some crisis of emotion.

practically cutting off all other friends, if no engagement is announced—that she is as she should be. A man doesn't get the blame that a girl does. I—I can't stand my position any longer. To be loved and not wanted—that's all."

"The world should mind its own business!" he snapped.

"I used to think that, too. But the world hates careful cowards. If a man and a woman are in love, the world believes they ought to take their chance together. Better poverty and hardship than evasion—or worse—the world says to the woman!"

As he did not answer, she went on quickly.

"Gordon, I haven't told you; I've spared you. But I'm being constantly humiliated by my friends. Even my mother taunts me with questions. Billy Maywood asked me the other night if the field were clear for him. And I don't know what to say. Oh, I know people have no real right to be curious, but it isn't the right or the wrong of their curiosity; it's the feeling they put into me, the awful feeling of not knowing where I really stand."

She had opened her heart to him, showed him the hurt places. Would he come to her healing now? The world let him alone. He could go his way. Men might think him either a scoundrel or a phlanderer and still clasp his hand. Women smiled at him always. But no immunity was allowed the girl. So she had clearly shown him. What would he say to this break in the usual boundaries of her reserve?

He was bound to meet the issue; he sensed that. He closed his eyes a little as he carefully immersed the end of his

smoking cigaret in the gold-laced finger bowl near him.

"Sweetheart," he said at last, "can't you trust me?"

It was cold, that question, and Lella knew it for an evasion, yet her truant self leaped with its desire to give him everything. Oh, love, with its beauty, its wonder and its terrible power to make a heart's desolation! She wanted to cry out for completion; to reveal to him the pain she suffered from halfway measures with life.

But she calmed herself to answer:

"You know I trust you, Gordon."

"Well then I've thought you could find joy in our unspoken understanding. I'm a struggler yet, and I've a horror of marrying and sacrificing. I see the result of haste all about me. I want to lay everything at your feet, but I want to be free till I have tried out my powers."

"I don't want everything, Gordon!" she cried. "I should be the most gloriously happy woman just to love and help you."

She was offering him woman's jeweled gift, but he did not know that.

"I have ambitions, as I've told you," he began.

"But I could help you gain your ambitions, Gordon. I've worked in the world long enough to know the fight a man has merely to keep his place in the sun. I should be your staff. My mother went to my father when he had nothing."

What was her father now? was on the tip of Atwood's tongue as he thought of the old law clerk still going his dreary round between courthouse and office, but he forbore. Lella for some ungodly reason had a quite incommensurate adoration for her father. But that was Lella, laying her all at the feet of anyone she loved.

"I am different," he said with pride; "I should never bind a woman to grind. I have my ideals, dear heart; do not make me forget them."

A dreadful thing, to make him let go his ideals! She was perplexed now by his reasoning. He was keener than she. She craved only the joy of being with him in any storm, and he laid his plans for living. She looked into his keen blue eyes, at the clever forehead, from which the hair grew smoothly away. Her longings came up out of her instincts, perhaps. He based his life on intelligence. Was she wrong, then? But the old pain tore at her and would not be stilled. Woman must add security to glamour; that's why she would always want marriage, though man's polygamous mind went searching for other ways.

LEILA'S eyes strayed for a moment to the girl who had so coolly nodded to her. She was across the room, sitting close to her adoring lover. Even from her distance Lella could see her efforts to keep the new diamond set platinum ring in constant sight.

Atwood's hand, stealing across the table, touching hers, recalled her. She felt the thrill of the contact and the pain of her own helplessness. Must she always so respond. A sadness stole over her.

"We're in perfect accord, now you understand my motives, Lella," he asked tenderly.

She nodded perfunctorily.

"That's my own girl. I knew you would not let any selfish impulsive desire bar my way to success."

Selfish! To want their love ratified spelled only selfishness to him! The bite of outraged pride burned her. That her love, legalized, should be an obstacle in his path! Her perceptions, for the mo-